# A Letter From a Friend

## Emilie Autumn

Precious thing
I long for nothing more
Than to be your friend
But I am not good
As you are
For I think
Where I should feel
And I am not innocent
As you would think
For I try
To turn your head
And I never stop
And I see you happy
And I wish you well
But in my wish
Is my invitation
To a different dream
And I wonder
If I care for you at all
Not to leave you alone
Where you are
Content
And I long for nothing more
Than to be your friend
But if you accept my gift
You will ruin it
And I will not give you
What I promised
Because I can't
But I will always offer
And I will always deny it
Because I have a most convenient
Guise of friendship
Should you slip
I should slay you
Like all the others
And still I rain
And say, "Walk my way"
Because I adore

Where I have no right
But I ask you to become
Worse than you are
And neglect to mention
That I adore the part of you
That does not love me
For I long for nothing more
Than to be your friend
Yet I long for everything
Friends will never be
I think I may be cruel
But if I harm none I am only evil
And it hurts not to know if I am terrible
Or only in love

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